

# Bard

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**Bard**

## THINGS

I wanted your help measuring me  
pretending I was interested in my old self  
I hope you're not going to call that music  
the sky has a way of getting into the act

listless clouds  
ceremony  
light the incense stick

Things tell us things

Why is it a fetish just because I worship it  
or caress it or keep it in the same drawer  
with compass and candlestick and penknife and twine?

None of these things are real anymore  
this is now

everybody knows where everything is  
already and nobody needs to tie things together  
or cut things and it is never dark

it all comes loose  
and stays that way

did you ever hear a balalaika?  
well it's a little like that

Things could save themselves  
and us a lot of trouble  
by learning to talk  
I'd be out of business  
but they'd be fine

when I say I, I mean  
something is talking—  
I hope you didn't think  
(never thought)  
I means me—

why would I bother talking about myself  
when I can just talk?

No. Things  
need me.  
I know I need them.

Everything is reciprocal.  
Everything shines.

Face like a baby

mind like an old wind-up watch

things to run out of

gas ink milk ideas

things to pick up on your way home.

Which way is that?

13 November 2010

*[Odysseus sings back to Nausicaa]*

They are praising me and I listen  
 because his name is No One I also  
 can play I can be him as nobody  
 as they come or I am everyone not everyone  
 there is no one like me

2.

so I will expose the physics of the kiss we  
 explored each other with just one long enough  
 to take the tongue at face value how the man's  
 tongue was that me? found the deep concave  
 left a well-like place beneath the convexity  
 of her tongue uplifted to give him room the air  
 itself stiff for a moment till relaxing found  
 between his lips then hers the strata of  
 those soft adhesions glued not glued too  
 mobile for that moved into the openings  
 opening the other the blood hiss all through the  
 his hand cradling her head she tasted salt  
 what did I taste

3.

I am he said sorry I can't forget  
 in body to live forgive me flesh I am  
 all the while as if she would she did not

protest the id is like the sea it surrounds  
 every thing it is beneath it all  
 she was born here too bread makes the body strong  
 denial weak we all know that you don't have to be a stone

4.

to make it hard the her of him the hurry  
 of the whole story tell truth is a dialect  
 of memory grammar is desire truth  
 makes it hard only the problematic avails  
 beach pebbles wet sand bull kelp  
 around the withers as if they brought the news  
 to each other from a world where nothing happens

5.

in shore far pine trees full of light for it was evening  
 when the gods most move among us as us even  
 sometimes what she looked like in her wet clothes  
 white gods with no heaven god fellow citizens  
 of of this other place we are

6.

I can be him as much as you can count  
 does it get cold here where the well is waiting  
 go down in me I am the blue light  
 you strip and enter I am what you mean  
 by all the way does it get warmer

as you go down    the blue is a hot blue    light  
 you follow the burning    tip    cigarette or incense stalk  
 all the way into    into

7.

we were    together    went    inland    is not identity  
 I am only who    I am by virtue    of the sea  
 virtue    the male power    stirred by wave  
 stored by deep    obsessed with more    with wine  
 never still    always towards    going  
 going away    she teased me forward    hip by hip  
 I knew    she knew I knew    I would leave her    a man  
 must    leave    whatever he has    even been    drawn to  
 lured    into identity    I must be no one    again  
 outside society    animal mind in    a god's skin  
 radio playing    softly though    in a parked car    wed.

13 November 2010

## THE CHACONNE FOR CHARLOTTE

Flowers a long time on the table this  
 is your ciaccona you couldn't have music  
 at the other end of the galaxy would  
 sound like start with this that  
 the glass is always broken the glass is full  
 always is a slender word never a fat one  
 quote me on the thee-string the tuning  
 is all about this Fire Exit meant  
 néant getting out through the fire  
 scordatura we make a way thirteen  
 minutes fire study this instrument  
 what other window could a house have  
 a glass in the cellar floor showing old  
 bones of men and women rocks from which we come  
 alive into the light *luz* my first love  
 a brilliancy poured into flesh all night  
 teasing a young man into the arches of the dawn boy  
 dying for that bay the geography of islands to fit in  
 at last the world is shaped like her itself  
 a mind has no way of forgetting a brain must touch  
 the silence before any image breaks the light  
 the brain is the trashbin of the mind he said hard drive  
 on a soft afternoon the red clay road  
 to Calicoon where the road bends round the pines  
 are very tall my first love you my last



ultimate the way the music is variable  
 unerasable the mind can't forget the forest  
 also of light the scouring of the natural  
 by imputations of spirit feed milk to that mind  
 love is an apology for the sea  
 for the so many tricks of the light  
 the various true love apologizes  
 constantly for its inconstancy one note  
 gives way to another so that the music  
 can be the same frost on the lawn  
 this morning parallel lives meet  
 in liberty we are spoken the tones  
 alone overtones by which the colors  
 of what we hear are known painted  
 the visual cortex music projects the story  
 every critic rejects but all round us the deaf  
 see nothing and the blind cavort each shadow  
 a differing color in this nude world flowers  
 two weeks old Inca blossoms five hundred  
 years even before this hum began  
 you hear you hear me don't you tell me  
 tell me you do alströmeria of course  
 for the Swedish count in the Andes umlaut on the  
 o the pallor of its purple is it the white inside  
 the heart of things the mountain we bring each other  
 from so far whites and blues Sandström's  
 landscapes the mystery is in the north

always    Bach walked young    all the way  
 to Lübeck    to hear    the north itself  
 umlaut on the u    the north    all music points  
 there go    north    to hear  
 go with    to see    the sun at midnight  
 open    the hope chest    the sheets of light  
 pour out    out and up    it is a ship  
 and from the north it comes    the new    always  
 north of your bedroom    the bed    north of the tree  
 walnut    oboe    north of the west  
 hear    *the east    is hidden in the north*  
 secret places    of the conversation    a little town  
 where they make shoes    take you strange places    island  
 where they wear no clothes    not a fugue    a flying  
 never remember    never forget    *the*  
 is the only    but it speaks    knows  
 how to tell you    the dark trees I was a child    fence  
 between common    and proper    I own  
 this vista    blind as I am    the new  
 technology    of finding a way    a compass  
 only lies    where the north lies    the agent  
 has to make it be    there make it    true  
 be north    my darling    where the Capricorn  
 cavorts in moonlight    make it true    where the colors  
 stop looking    like and become    what you really hear.

14 November 2010

= = = = =

Where does the wind come from  
why is a cloud he asked  
o little bird there was a man  
who wrote his identity away  
emptied his shadow till there was  
no darkness left in him for them to see  
he forgot his own name so no one  
knew him, What good is identity  
to me, why do I need to be someone  
when whatever it am might  
someday somehow be of use to you?

14 November 2010

= = = = =

I said what I could to stay alive  
we watch the stream for our own sake  
not for its, the quiver  
of its hurtle past, census of dead leaves,  
a fish, a stick, scrap  
of our tumult fallen free—  
there is no twice in it  
to see it is to keep watch *(spähend)*  
on reality like a lover  
that is, on the dance.  
And for the stream we are  
its own sake marries us.

15 November 2010

= = = = =

The dense propositions  
of silence.

The remedy.

The dark taste.

The the of the.

15 November 2010

= = = = =

Alternatives abound.

Stand by the shore

and study it.

Watch.

A stream

cures everything.

It washes blindness away.

15 November 2010

= = = = =

*coagulatum solue*

Running water  
is light  
agitating stone—

light unleashes minerals  
from their persuasion  
of fixity

the miracle is that rivers  
flow also at night

or they stand still  
and only the patches that are illuminated  
still move, places  
light moves them so that we see.

15 November 2010

= = = = =

Little by little I don't know  
thimble weather where a man  
has little heart for having  
and you go emptying your pockets  
till only a handkerchief is left  
because everything else is money.

16 November 2010



= = = = =

Grey glimmer of November day  
fine gauze of atmosphere  
softens my seeing    old house  
wooden creaks    you think  
someone is saying    something  
but it is only    (lucidly) this.

16 November 2010

= = = = =

Where are these decisions made?  
words on paper, hands  
raised in the air, swayed  
to express an unwordable reality  
call it feeling, but who feels?  
Is feeling something that happens  
itself in me or something that I do?  
A little mist, a little piece  
of music I try to remember.  
Appetite. Suppose I wanted  
to do nothing but sit and close  
my eyes then open them again  
for a very long time—wouldn't that  
be enough, be a miracle?  
Sometimes I'm so tired. A pillar  
of salt left from when we all  
were Lot's wife. What  
does his name mean anyhow?  
Doesn't every name mean something  
and don't we belong to what it means?  
Too dusk for dictionary—make it up  
from your Paleolithic mind.  
It means a man is left, a woman gets left.  
At the end of the world a woman is all that's left.

16 November 2010

= = = = =

A candle in the rain  
or else  
a story some woman tells  
of how it happened  
in the skirts of the forest  
not to her

or a lighter with no flame  
no fuel but a story  
to tell, all flint  
and nothing to inhale,

a kiss with no mouth.

16 November 2010